In Obitum & Exequias

ILLUSTRISSIMÆ MARIÆ

NUPER

ANGLIÆ, &c. REGINÆ

(Quæ Sacrosanctam animam lubenter efflavit vicesimo octavo die *Decembris* Anno Dom. 1694. Regnique Sexto) Ἔλεγος θηλυτικός; qui porro sub finem ἐυχαριστικὸς propter *Regis* incolumitatem.

ANGLIGENIS *lugenda dies? Cur Solis ab ortu*
Non fuit extenso tenebrarum tegmine raptim
Circumcincta, poli convexù sedibus altis?
Heu calamum lassata manus digitique trementes
Vix retinere queant: teneros declivis ocellos
Obruit unda meos! Gentem differsus in omnem
Ecce genis jam pallor adest! Præcordia fati
Chara Maria *dedit sævis* Regina *sagittis.*
Ah jacet; eximiis animi quæ dotibus olim
Prædita, Virtutum Custos, *pietatis &* Alma
Mater *erat! Miserum; Quid in uno funere Sexûs*
Gloria formosi mundique extincta videtur!
Induit & juvenis, necnon veneranda senectus
Vestes lustriferas, interni signa doloris.
Insula languentem præclara Britannica *vultum*
Protinùs ostendit; vicinaque Scotia *statim*
Consequitur; quibus & glacialis Hibernia *juncta.*
Haud opus est verbis: lachrymans Europa *sepulchrum*
Hoc dolet infelix, velut irreparabile damnum.
Quid tibi Principibus *claris pietate Monarcha*
Pallida? (Phœnicem seclum non protulit ullum.)
Sceptra malis manibus (Quot in istâ classe!) gerentes
Eripuisse fat' est: terras Astræa revisit
Talia curvatâ (tanquam Zizania Mundi)
Si modò falce metes. At jam pulcherrimus horto
Flos excerptus abit! Sitienti millia vulgi
Non tibi sufficient? Nunc imo caverna dehiscens
Terræ cuncta vorat, nondum satiata, maligni
* Epenthesis. ** Vorsolis, ac fabre novâ grassante per urbem.*
Sustulit ad Cœlos morbus Paralyticus altos
Pontificem *studiis confectum; Lampadis instar*
Flammigeræ, pietate suâ qui fulsit in orbe:
Pacifer, ut Dominus magnus, *fuit; atque triumphans*
Præmia dulcisono nunc possidet ore superna.
Sed novus Antistes *superest: Ecclesia plangens*
Temperet à lachrymis aliquid; quia dirigit orbem
Pastor ovile (Deo sit laus) similisque priori.
Nos quoque felices, si jam perière maligna
Tela necis! Dilecta brevi Regina *dolorem*
Attulit immensum, Ψυχῶ effiando venustam.
Quæ (cùm perpetuò Virtutum tramite recto
Progressa est) Mortis, terrorum Principis, antè
Non aliena fuit; celebris pervasit in undam
Lethalem Victrix, naturæ legibus ultrò
Concedens: at chara viget sua fama superstes
Cordibus Anglorum, *rutilo dum lumine Phœbus*
Irradiare diem pergit vel Cynthia noctem.
† i. e. γυνὴ μαγεία ἐν τῇς ἀγίοις. *Reddite laureolas virides: si jam † μαγεία*
Corporis exuto claustro, non talia spernit.
Laus tribuenda tamen, vel permiscenda dolore
Tristibus annexo: Sævis quia restat ab Orci
Faucibus illæsus Regum celeberrimus. Aulæ
Turgida nunc lachrymis, etiam nunc gaudia cernit
Alternis vicibus; transcendere nescit utrumque.
En dolor! Imperii pars altera, Regia Conjux
Hinc abit ad Superos, dum vendicat Urna Cadaver
Ingenti ornatum pompâ, lachrymisque rigatum:
Gaudia! vivit adhuc Rex optimus; *unde salutem*
Expectent Angli; Galli, *Gens impia flagrum.*
Nestoris ætatem superet; quum curvus senectus
Ingruit, addiscat veterem renovare vigorem:
Ac benè finito cursu, Cœlestia tandem
Tecta petat lætans. Sed cunctos calcibus hostes
Comprimat interea; celeris dùm fama triumphos
Alta per ora vehat, careatque Europa *Tyrannis,*
Victori meritas gaudens persolvere grates,
Qui sua florentum distendat sceptra per Orbem.

AH dismal Day! Why did bright Phebus lend
His rays to thee; and not gross Darkness fill
The Atmosphere? Our grief doth far transcend
The faint description of my trembling Quill:
Which Tears instead of Ink might now supply,
Since they do glide so fast from every eye.
What Cause? Alas, too great to be expresst;
The best of *Queens* from this our Orb is gone
To higher Regions; where just Souls are blest
With perfect joy, beyond comparison.
We envy not: but can't forget her worth,
Which this and future Ages shall set forth.
Art thou then gone, O great yet humble mind!
Vertue's kind Nurse! the glory of thy Sex!
Leaving thy Subjects sorrowful behind
While thoughts of thee their melting hearts perplex?
Methinks thou might'st have tarry'd longer here;
Whose blooming Age scarce reach'd it's Hemisphere.
Both old and young the badge of grief do shew
In their dark habits: paleness fills each face;
Whose double Spring distils like morning dew,
And gives to this sad Cause a comely grace.
For *Europe* mourns; but *Albion* most of all,
With Tears embalming her great Funeral.
Why pale-fac'd Monarch, should thy Darts extend
To such Crown'd Heads as rule by Law, not Sword?
Take * others off; we'l count thee a Friend: * The French Tyrant.
(Not ev'ry Age a Phœnix doth afford.)
Astræa then, would soon resume her reign,
And make a visit to this World again.
A dear and learned *Prelate* first led way
To those high Mansions; as an Omen sad
For us: But why must shee no longer stay?
(That double unpriz'd blessing once we had.)
May his sweet temper in the next reside;
Then Church and State will have an happy Guide.
Our loss of him was great; but had the blow
Ceas'd then, 'twere well: another such is found.
She scarce hath left an Equal here below,
If in our search the Orb we could surround.
How glad was she the needy to relieve;
And Vertue's path, though worn out, to retrieve!
To Pride a stranger; Death's familiar friend;
Oft thinking on the place to which she's gone,
She made a sweet (to us a doleful) end;
Whilst we, expos'd to storms, move slowly on.
Thus fell the greatest *Pattern* of renown,
And chang'd a fading for an endless Crown.
But now let Joy be mixt with ev'ry Tear,
Since dear *Nassau* survives, and fills the Throne,
Though griev'd to miss his *Royal Consort* there,
And that he must possess it now alone.
May his just Hands *Great Britain's* Scepter sway
Long tract of time, to all his Subjects joy.
Untouch'd by Fate, may he with Zeal pursue
The noblest ends; and, by Heav'ns shield, secure
His Foreign and Domestick Foes subdue
Who scorn his yoke, though easie, to endure.
Thus *Albion's* glory once more shall appear,
While most obey from love, though some from fear.
May he at length, through warlike Trophies, be
The happy Instrument of lasting Peace;
And bleeding *Europe* freed from Tyranny
A grateful homage yield. When he shall cease
By Heav'ns decree, in these low Orbs to move,
May he triumphant meet his *Queen* above.

Hanc qualem-qualem Φλωσίαν, *urgentibus amicis, humilimè in lucem edidit* T. C.

Sold by *John Whitlock* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1695.